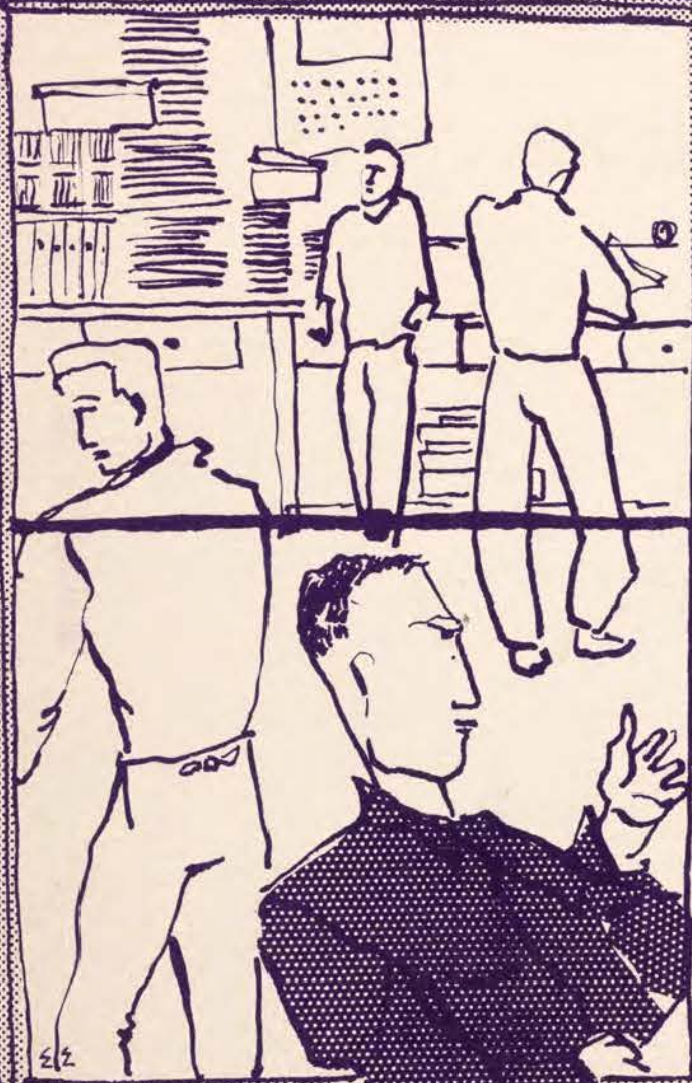


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of brotherhood
makes all men one."

Carlyle

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THE ORDEAL of Prince Eulenberg

by Lyn Pedersen

In that social recollection which we call history, many stories that once loomed large have been laid aside for others agreeing more adroitly with latterday explanations of the "causes" of subsequent events.

Students of World War I, committed to the pat theory that only economic factors really move history, have discarded data not fitting the pattern and omitted from the record intrigues and indiscretions and once-famous scandals that were major turning-points in Germany's tragi-comic march to war, but which do not aptly reflect the "struggle for markets."

Thus, few people now remember Philip Eulenberg, a man once famed as the Kaiser's most intimate friend, the one man who might possibly have steered Germany away from war and destruction, the man bitterly blamed for what Germans then attacked as Wilhelm II's "soft" policies in world affairs, the man who was hounded to his death in a series of amazingly cruel trials charging that he was puppet-master to the Emperor, the victim of the most spectacular homosexual trials in history.

Looking back to the Los Angeles Examiner, Oct. 24, 1907, under four banks of headlines:

BERLIN: Oct 23.

The trial began here today of Maximilian Harden, editor of DIE ZUKUNFT, who is accused of libel by General Count Kuno von Moltke. The case involves the charges concerning the notorious "Round Table." Von Moltke is a nephew of the late famous Field Marshall Count von Moltke.

The complaint of von Moltke is that last November, Harden in his paper, which is one of the most radical in Germany, began to charge that Count Zu Eulenberg was the head of a clique at Court which banded together for the sole purpose of influencing the Kaiser politically.

Eulenberg and Moltke were named by Harden as members of the Round Table. Harden declared that the Prince and Count were also spiritualists in addition to being men of abnormal temperaments and habits.

It is reported in connection with the case that Crown Prince Frederick William made an exhaustive personal investigation of Harden's charges, reporting to his father, the Emperor, such findings that von Moltke, Zu Eulenberg and Lieutenant General von Hohenau saw fit to hand in their resigna-

tions.

The "drama" really began when Justice Kern asked Harden if in his writings he had accused von Moltke of homo-sexuality.

"I did not," answered the editor, emphatically, "My object was solidly political. I wrote that General Count von Moltke and his intimates sought to influence the Kaiser's political actions and often to persuade his Majesty against the advice of constitutional advisers. I said General Count von Moltke is a man of completely abnormal sensibilities, even in non-sexual affairs, and I refuse to retract a syllable I have uttered against him.

"I now say I have proof that General Count von Moltke belongs to a coterie of men among whom certain crimes are practiced. I have said or written nothing about this, because I am not an informer and I have no personal desire to see General Count von Moltke taken to jail. But if proofs of my assertion are demanded, I will produce them here and now."

Harden said the plaintiff had once pressed the prince's handkerchief to his lips and cried, "Phili! My Phili!" and in writing him a letter had used the terms, "My soul" and "My beloved."

Frau von Elbe, the divorced wife of Juno von Moltke, testified to gross epithets her former husband had applied to married life. She then described the handkerchief incident, which she said she saw from an adjacent room. She said also that Prince Zu at once knelt to her and begged her to give up her husband. Referring to her divorce, Frau von Elbe said she had asked von Moltke: "What will his Majesty say to our divorce?" To this von Moltke replied: "His Majesty hears only what I permit him to know."

Frau von Elbe's statement created a great sensation in the court. Continuing, she testified that von Moltke had once written a letter to her mother in which he said they had formed a circle about the Emperor which nobody was able to break through.

Thus, the first day of the "Eulenberg trials" that lasted two years and were not fully dropped for a decade I will discuss later some of the inaccuracies of the above account.

In early decades of this century, nearly everyone prominent in German life felt compelled to publish memoirs explaining, among other things, his relationship to these scandals. Later writers have tended to forget the matter.

I first came across mention of the affair four years ago in Gide's *CORYDON* but for nearly a year I could discover little more. Ultimately, I found contemporary accounts in old papers and magazines, and the 1930 Eulenberg biography by Haller (Knopf, 2 vol.). More recently, Goerlitz' *THE GERMAN GENERAL STAFF*, Craig's *THE POLITICS OF THE PRUSSIAN ARMY*, and Reiners' *THE LAMPS WENT OUT IN EUROPE*, and Holstein's *MEMOIRS* have tended to set prewar German history back in perspective.

Getting into this matter has brought more than just this one incident to light. I hope an expansion of this essay may soon form part of a book on the considerable role of homosexuals in German history. It is often said that homosexuality is the mark of tired, decadent cultures, yet we find it prominent throughout the history of Prussia - the least effete kingdom of Europe. And we might recall that in other times, the phenomenon was as common among the regimented Spartans as among the cultured Athenians.

OUR POOR, DEAR KAISER -

Otto von Bismarck, the Chancellor who unified modern Germany and made King Wilhelm of Prussia the first German Emperor, earned renown as the chief cornerstone of European peace. A vigorous reformer at home and a skilled diplomat abroad, his policies seemed to insure continued economic well-being and peace. He had interlocking pacts with Russia, Austria and Italy and friendly arrangements with Japan, England, Turkey and even France. He left a Germany of swelling nationalism and prosperity.

When the old Emperor died, his swaggering grandson shortly became William II. An impassioned public speaker and brilliant phrasemaker, William had half the world believing he was about to usher in the Golden Age.

As monarchs go, the Kaiser was actually an intelligent man, though dangerously erratic, a weakness his friends failed at first to appreciate. Handsome and charming, he always made a striking appearance. Few rulers have ever been more "well meaning." He wanted to make his people happy and strong. He wanted to give peace to the world. And - - he wanted to be universally admired. He could not realize that not everyone took his words as from the lips of God. He thought of them so himself.

He had a remarkable memory. He might discuss the dynasties of ancient Assyria at lunch, or the merits of famous works of art or theories of statecraft, literature or dramatics. He might ask some pastor or architect, about to deliver a speech, what they intended to say, and give the speech himself in their place - and do it well. In manner he alternated between military stiffness and boyish charm. He went to fantastic lengths to display his personal favor, but kept his entourage in constant terror of his sudden practical jokes (tripping Generals overboard while cruising the Baltic, publicly goosing the Czar of Bulgaria while the latter was looking out a window at a parade, giving the self-consciously short King of Italy a six-foot-seven escort during a visit, etc.), and his stern requirement that his entourage do pushups before breakfast (always the danger of sudden indignities from His Imperial Highness - and one must laugh, of course).

He prided himself as a "hunter" (shot 65 deer in one day - -they were driven singly into his range) and had pompous monuments erected on sites such as were "Our moste noble Margrave and Lord Emperour Wilhelm II Alle Highest felled here on Septembre 19, 1902, his 200th noble stagge upon Grimnitz Heath."

He long planned to lead his army into battle and personally directed prettily geometric maneuvers, beautifully colorful affairs featuring spectacular cavalry charges - -till one unusually bold general told him this was a waste and of no strategic use. Few other men ever dared be so frank with him.

Despised by both parents, dropped at birth by a midwife (deforming his left arm), forced as a crippled child to mount a horse (he fell off repeatedly but ultimately mastered the skill), he was driven to prove his Prussian manliness. Feeling he'd been snubbed in England (at grandmother Victoria's funeral) he lusted to win British admiration by demonstrating his superiority, outstripping their navy. He patronized the Russian Tsar, cousin Nicky, insultingly. But he was able to charm the Prussophobe Crown Prince of Austria on their first meeting, carefully arranged by Eulenberg.

At court he was surrounded mostly with a rabble of martinets and sycophants (an all-male company, as Harden later charged) who encouraged his outdated notions about benevolent but absolutist monarchy. He spent two months annually on Baltic cruises and several more on "hunts" and devoted most evenings to lavish dinners and stag entertainments. Eulenberg's bitter rival, General Hulsén-Haseler, head of the Military Cabinet, dropped dead while dancing for the Emperor and company, while dressed as a ballerina. (Pity. It had long been a favorite act.) Hulsén, though not much of a general, had been sharp on conjuring tricks. General Kuno von Moltke (later charged with Eulenberg of homosexuality), played the piano while "dearest Phili" sang his Rose Songs, his Nordic ballads or improvised humorously. The Counts Dohna (who rose along with Eulenberg, but deserted him during the trials, for fear of personal involvement), Herbert Bismarck (who fell from grace somewhat later than his father) and Eulenberg's cousins August and Botho were often part of the theatricals, which Wilhelm himself sometimes rewrote.

The Kaiser soon dismissed the "Iron Chancellor" during disagreements over the Russian alliance and Bismarck's anti-socialist laws, with a curt

note requesting the return of the unused portion of Bismarck's monthly salary. The Chancellor, who had run Germany for twenty years, showed no disposition for taking orders. Much has been said regarding who influenced this dismissal (Waldersee and Holstein did). Philip Eulenberg, our protagonist, was later blamed, unfairly. (Bismarck, perhaps at Baron Holstein's suggestion, came to believe he had been his secret enemy since the Chancellor forced the resignation of cousin Botho Eulenberg by calling him a liar in the House of Lords.) Philip had, in fact, strongly advised the Emperor against removing Bismarck.

At 27, Prince William had met the Count, twelve years his senior, and they both were captivated. For the first fifteen years of his reign, "my dearest Phili," "my only friend," was Wilhelm's most trusted adviser and the only man able to occasionally change the Imperial mind. At the time, Eulenberg was partly under Fritz von Holstein's wing, and was used by the privy counsellor (who did not "have access" to the Emperor) for getting his ideas across to the highly unpredictable young sovereign.

Bismarck's departure left a terrible vacuum in German politics. His successors were aging yes-men, crushed between Emperor and Reichstag. The "Constitution" and the complex parliamentary system were hazily defined and openly defied. The Reichstag, with little exact power, other than budget approval, was splintered into innumerable parties. The General Staff, the Military Cabinet and the War Ministry - three distinct and feuding heads for the all-powerful Army - talking openly of coup-d'etat. And the navy, grown fat under Wilhelm's favor and von Tirpitz' aggressive leadership.

And all the little kings and grand dukes of the semi-independent countries now part of the Empire.

Like the bureaucracy generally, the Foreign Office (headed by a State Secretary who seldom ran things) operated independently of Emperor, Chancellor or Reichstag, though it always had the unwelcome task of patching up Wilhelm's meddling blunders. He was forever dispatching half-baked telegrams to other monarchs, often ensnaring Wilhelmstrasse policies. In public speeches, he tended to redouble any statement which drew applause, complicating foreign affairs horribly by wild unpremeditated statements which often became policy by default. And in foreign capitals the German military attaches often undermined or overshadowed the ambassadors they despised as mere "pen pushers."

The Kaiser naively assumed that there was a natural enmity between France and England (for centuries) and between England and Russia, so that allies Austria and Italy could be taken for granted, while Cousin Nicky and Uncle Edward would never attack him. He hoped (with privy counsellor Holstein's encouragement) to isolate England, ally with France (impossible at that date) and Russia, develop Turkey and expand a bit in Africa and Asia. But within a dozen years, and more after Eulenberg's downfall, he blunderingly accomplished what enemy diplomats could not have hoped for, forcing Britain, Russia and France into unwritten alliance with Italy and Japan on the fence. Even Austria and Turkey were dependable only as trouble makers.

THE KAISER'S FRIEND

Count (later Prince) Philip zu Eulenberg-Hertefeld was the son of a stiff East Prussian count and an artistic mother whom he worshipped. Delicate and emotional as a child, he early developed the witty conversational talent that was to endear him to the Emperor. His early desire was to be an architect. When he inherited the great estate and Liebenberg (from the Great Elector to the first Hertefeld in 1652) he designed and built a number of houses, pavilions and temples on the grounds. He was a fine, though unschooled singer, and composed songs which were long popular, notably his Rosenlieder (half million copies sold) and his Skaldengesänge, ballads from the Nordic sagas, favorites with concert singers. He had a great talent for entertaining and brilliant improvisation, in prose, verse or song, and was an ac-

complished story teller. He also had some success as a playwright (Margot and Seestern) and with children's stories, Erich und Erika, Christmas in a Monastery, and Fireside Stories. But the life of a poet was denied him. He was forced at 17 by his militaristic father into a brief, unhappy Army career (won the Iron Cross) from which he escaped to study and practice law until 1877 when he entered the diplomatic service under paternal pressure, and influence from the Bismarck family. This he hoped would allow time for artistic work.

In 1875, he married Augusta, Countess von Sandels. Their first two children died in Paris where he served six months as third Secretary in the German Embassy, along with Bernard Bulow, with whom he corresponded in most affectionate tones for years. Transferred to Munich, he worked congenially under the intellectually inclined von Werthen. Later he regarded the Munich days, with the artistic society, as his happiest. He had six children there.

His first political crisis came (during the Ambassador's absence, leaving him representing the Prussian and Imperial government) when the unfortunate King Ludwig (patron of Wagner) was dethroned for alleged homosexuality and insanity. Eulenberg discovered the King after his suicide at Lake Starnberg, where Eulenberg had frequently been a guest at the King's parties. Ludwig was succeeded by his incurably insane brother Otto, under a regency, lasting till 1913, when Otto was deposed (he died three years later, probably never knowing he had been king). In Munich, a King Ludwig Brotherhood, with branches throughout Bavaria, was set up to perpetuate the memory of the "Fairy King."

Eulenberg first met Prince William the year of Ludwig's suicide. It was expected the Prince would have little to do except keep out of trouble and wait for the crown (his father waited impatiently for decades) but the next year Emperor William I and his son both died within a few months, leaving Eulenberg's friend as German Emperor. Eulenberg was henceforth expected to accompany the monarch on Norwegian cruises and hunts at Prince Dohna's estate at Prokelwitz. The Emperor was a frequent guest at Liebenberg.

While he was Ambassador to the Grand Duchy of Oldenburg his father died and Eulenberg attempted to retire to Liebenberg and artistic pursuits. The Emperor would not consent, and Bismarck, not yet out of office, found him useful, urged him to spend all possible time with Wilhelm, though the tormenting cruises invariably resulted in seasickness and bronchial ailments, requiring frequent recuperations at Gastein spa. Never robust, he was ultimately the only member of the court able to abstain from the ridiculous morning exercises and constant hi-jinks. He did enjoy the long intimate walks with Wilhelm.

In 1890, Eulenberg became minister to Wurtemberg in Stuttgart, where again there were troubles over the homosexual King Karl's affairs with carpenters and others "beneath his station." Wurtemberg's semi-independence created considerable friction, which Eulenberg was at pains to soothe till he became Bavarian Ambassador. His duties as unofficial "ambassador from the Imperial Government to the Emperor" increased. Privy counsellor Holstein patronized Eulenberg heavily at this time, warping all policy, domestic and foreign, to prevent any possible return by Bismarck. Their relationship became a violently off-and-on affair when Holstein realized Eulenberg was not his mouthpiece.

When Caprivi retired as Chancellor, Eulenberg chose his successor (bypassing ambitious cousin Botho) and exerted considerable skill keeping the doddering Hohenlowe safely in office. In 1900, Eulenberg shifted the carefully groomed Bernard Bulow into the post. Bulow seems to have been little better than Caprivi or Hohenlowe, but he could get on charmingly with the Emperor, Holstein, the Reichstag and even the Army - no mean feat. The talent kept him in office during almost a decade of constant crisis. But he

had little force. The foreign situation degenerated hopelessly between Holstein's schemings and Wilhelm's interference.

After 1894 Eulenberg was Ambassador to the Austro-Hungarian Empire. He was extremely popular in Vienna and despite Holstein's growing hate, was able to repair the strained relations between the empires.

Eulenberg's health declined sharply until, after lingering illness, he was forced in 1902 to resign, shortly after his mother's death, and retire to Liebenberg, where, except for brief excursions to Gastein (Austrian spa with radium thermal springs), he spent most of the next four years on what seemed to be his death bed. His resignation had been accepted only as a sort of leave, and during the few months when he was up and about he was recalled to Berlin and enmeshed in affairs of state.

Bulow, put in office by Eulenberg, had succumbed to Holstein's influence, and cooled toward the friend he once called his "soul sister." The Emperor also had grown slightly more formal - - Bulow still used Philip as a persuader when the sovereign was unmanageable. There is a suggestion that the Kaiser, who disapproved of physical weakness, considered Philip's illness as something of a desertion. However, Wilhelm and his Queen visited Liebenberg once or twice a year.

Some writers have called Eulenberg an effeminate fop, a sycophant, courtier, a meddling dilettante and worse. His letters belie this. Passionately loyal to the Kaiser, as a subject and as a friend, he at first believed Wilhelm could be a good monarch. As this hope faded, he remained loyal to the man who was inescapably Emperor, whatever his failings, and who still was likeable, intelligent, well-meaning. Eulenberg tried hard and long to protect "our poor, dear Emperor" from his own folly. Even if the Kaiser was not an effective ruler, the badly splintered Reichstag, the overambitious Army, the weak Chancellors or Geheimrat Fritz von Holstein offered no alternative. There no longer was an available Bismarck. That sort of man could not exist in Wilhelm's company. The only choice seemed to be to keep Germany from losing too many friends and to keep order at home. The growing prosperity could take care of the rest. Germany's population increased heavily and its industry doubled during Wilhelm's reign.

Being an Emperor's friend has disadvantages also. Holstein was not the only person jealous of Eulenberg's position, honors and apparently gay life. Such a prominence breeds envy and spite.

By 1906 Eulenberg's health was temporarily partly repaired. He returned briefly to Berlin where he was ceremoniously awarded the Black Eagle, the highest Prussian honor. At this time he engaged in contacts with Lecomte, the French Legate, and with Count Witte, rising star of Russian politics, aiming at halting the anti-German drift of these countries. He met some success till word got to Holstein, then prompting the reluctant Emperor through the stupid Morocco crisis - - Holstein intending to prove Britain and France couldn't cooperate. The Algeciras Conference left Germany stunned and isolated. Holstein had lost face and tendered his fiftieth resignation, hoping to scare his critics into silence. To his chagrin (this plot had always worked before) it was submitted by foreign secretary von Tschirsky to the Emperor, who gladly approved it. By luck or strategy, Chancellor Bulow apparently had suffered a dramatic stroke before the Reichstag. (Afraid of Holstein, he was reputedly subject to blackmail by him.)

Holstein was out. He didn't know whom to blame. The Chancellor, on his sickbed, insisted it was an oversight by Tschirsky. And perhaps Bulow (knowing Holstein's reputation for vindictiveness) suggested Eulenberg was responsible. The idea became an obsession with Holstein who began seeing a lot of Maximilian Harden, a gutter journalist formerly critical of Holstein.

HOLSTEIN'S REVENGE

On May 1, 1906, Holstein wrote to Eulenberg that it would be damaging to be seen with a person of Eulenberg's homosexual repute, and accused him of causing Holstein's own dismissal.

Eulenberg, as was the custom, challenged Holstein to a duel with guns. Seconds were chosen, but Holstein backed down and made a partial public apology. Eulenberg wrote in his diary, "I cannot say I consider Holstein's attacks to be really disposed of. He will revenge himself . . ."

Shortly after, a series of curious articles began to appear in Maximilian Harden's obscure newspaper, DIE ZUKUNFT (The Future). In cryptic language, at first avoiding names, he described breathless scenes of intrigue in which "The Charmer," "Heart of My Heart," "Kissable," and friends cunningly manipulated "The Darling." The paper elsewhere identified "The Darling" as the Emperor and "The Charmer" as Eulenberg. It was some time before these articles came to Eulenberg's attention, and since press attacks were not rare, he at first ignored them.

Harden grew bolder:

"Phili would have lifted his visionary eye bemusedly to heaven if an envoy had been suggested without his advice being sought. His hand could be discerned everywhere. Whoever wanted anything turned to Phili. Reconciled the Kaiser with Count Henckel, on whose house the ban had long been laid, and who now became Prince Donnersmarck. He discussed affairs with his bosom friend, Waldersee. And inherited a million from the Vienna Rothschild. Then his star seemed to wane. His dearest Bulow sat firmly in his place in the sun. Became Count, Bulow did, then Chancellor, Prince and incidentally heir to millions . . . Yet the romantic came back from the Vienna exile, was once more invited by the Emperor, taken to the North Cape, visited. Phili takes care of his friends. One, Moltke, is chief of the General Staff, another, even closer, is commandant of Berlin. Tschirsky has the foreign office. There are hopes for a soft berth somewhere for Herr von Barnbuler. All nice fellows. Musical. Poetical. Spiritualistic. Ethical. Read Nietzsche. Address each other by first names. Touchingly poetical in their epistles to each other. Lean to Christian Science. But nebulous as regards marriage. Their affinities for each other might be a private matter if they did not form that intimate Round Table of the Kaiser - - From visible or invisible places spin threads which choke the breath of the German Empire . . . I therefore do now denounce Philip Friedrich Karl Alexander Botho Prince zu Eulenberg and Hertefeld as the man who, with tireless energy, has whispered and yet whispers into the ear of Wilhelm II that he was destined to rule alone, as endowed with special grace, and in the light and succor of the heavens above . . ."

For months the attacks continued with scant notice. Harden elaborated his description of this tight circle of men who met weekly at Liebenberg and made all important decisions of state. He said these very poetic men shunned women, that their affinities were of concern to pathologists dealing with abnormal behavior, that their morality threatened the Empire. He hinted at elaborate orgies and seductions.

Then General Hulsen-Haseler (later famed for his authentic "dying swan" dance) brought the papers to the Crown Prince (like every Hohenzollern Prince in history, a stiff young man, sharply jealous of his sire) who told the world his innocent-minded father couldn't conceivably have known what sort of men his friends were. The Kaiser, he said haughtily, wouldn't know the meaning of Harden's nasty terms. (This was the Crown Prince's last public statement for a decade.) The Kaiser was furious. Was it possible that such scurrilous publications were permitted? Such outrageous nonsense, he said, should be stopped (and forgotten) by clapping Harden in prison. But under pressure from the Crown Prince, the Army, and Bulow, the Kaiser demanded that Eulenberg and Moltke clear their names or leave the country.

General Count Hohenau, Major Count zu Lynar and Moltke resigned. Moltke sued for libel. The opening of the case was described at the start

of this article. For one furious week, the trial blazed across world headlines, and suddenly, before Moltke had a chance, the Judge (police magistrate) declared he'd heard enough, ruled that though Harden's charges were libel, they were proven (though Moltke wasn't proven guilty of specific offenses or of knowledge of alleged orgies at Lynar's villa). Psychologists had testified for both sides. The famed Dr. Magnus Hirschfeld spoke for Harden, said that Moltke, whom he'd never met (and Moltke's associates alike) was obviously abnormal and degenerate. This was later retracted. Harden was exonerated and Moltke ordered to pay the trial costs. A roaring crowd of thousands cheered Harden as "savior of the country" and attempted to attack Moltke outside the court.

Eulenberg, who had gone briefly to the Gastein spa in Austria, was widely reported to have fled the country - - to be hiding in England, though he was at his estate in Germany. He initiated a libel action (at the same time, Moltke appealed to higher courts) but the Crown Prosecutor refused to institute proceedings, saying no public interest was involved. At this very time the Emperor (feeling Eulenberg had not "shown fight") was demanding such proceedings be started. Eulenberg made an affidavit before legal authorities at Prenzlau regarding Harden's charges and requesting a full investigation (which yielded nothing) of his past. At the proceedings two months later Harden refused to testify, as he was still the defendant in the Moltke case.

The second Moltke case came up in October. Eulenberg was in bed with neuritis, later with bronchitis. His doctors forbade him to appear as a witness, though he'd come to Berlin to testify. The proceedings in the Berlin Municipal Court were taken over by Harden and his counsel, Bernstein. A witness named Bollhardt (a convicted blackmailer and perjurer) testified that Eulenberg (whom he described as being twenty-five years younger than he'd been at the time) had debauched him ten years earlier at Count Lynar's house. Bollhardt and a policeman were sent to identify the ailing Prince, who refused to see them except in the presence of proper judicial authorities. The court dropped the matter, but expressed doubts about the genuineness of Eulenberg's illness. Eulenberg protested the procedure to the House of Lords. Moltke won the case and Harden was given four months and costs.

The Crown instituted action on Eulenberg's behalf. Harden, meanwhile, planted a report in a Bavarian paper that Eulenberg bribed Harden with a million marks. Harden sued the publisher. A writer named Brand, a "champion of homosexuality," called Chancellor Bulow homosexual and was quickly tried and imprisoned.

The Crown investigation dragged on, but the trumped-up Munich libel case went wild. Eulenberg, painfully ill, denied any violation of Article 175 of the Criminal Code, or any indecency with a male. Harden and Bernstein produced as witnesses two fishermen, formerly employed by the Prince, who claimed sex acts with him years earlier. One, Reidl, proved totally unreliable. The other, Jacob Ernst, gave more convincing testimony, but indicated that he was testifying under duress. Eulenberg, sixty years old, fell ill again with influenza and catarrh. The trial procedure here was most unique. The supposed plaintiff, Harden, spent weeks proving immaterial charges against Eulenberg, a prosecution witness, while Staedele, the supposed defendant, presented no defense, nor did he even appear after the opening days. Eulenberg was not permitted to confront the witnesses against him. He suffered a stroke after this affair, and days later, an attack of angina pectoris.

During May, 1907, he was several times subjected to police examinations which recorded his serious condition - he was often thought near death and considered suicide. On May 7, he was confronted by Reidl and Ernst and statements were taken. The next day he was arrested to stand trial for perjury. After heavy medical protests, plans to incarcerate him in Moabit Prison were dropped and he was taken to the public Charite Hospital under heavy guard to await trial.

(to be continued)

The Undividable Heart

by Double IX



A parent says to little Jim, "No, sonny . . . you mustn't act like that. Only little girls behave that way and you don't want to be like a little girl, do you? That wouldn't be nice."

Little Jim, who lives in the child's innocent world of simple wisdom, is thereupon beset with a misdirected line of thoughts that can never hit a true mark: Papa doesn't like little girls . . . but mama is a girl. I was only doing what was natural . . . but papa doesn't like for me to do EVERYTHING that is natural. Part of me papa likes and part of me papa doesn't like. He likes the part of me he calls boy but he doesn't like the part of me he calls girl. I guess I can't be the girl part of me or papa will be angry.

Thus the twig is bent and so grows a stunted tree. It happens to every

child in much the same way. The popular opinions of girlish behavior and boyish behavior are used, instead of infinite intelligence, as blueprints for little Jim and little Jill to grow up by. The wholeness of each is divided into whichever half the doctor pronounced customary when he looked upon material genitals and away from spiritual truth in order to inform himself of the gender of the new babe. The question of first importance to the parents is their helpless "What is it?" and the moment the genitals are consulted the parents nod happily, satisfied in the assumption that they know now which blueprint to follow. So pink blankets are exchanged for blue, labels are printed for the cigars, and the child is doomed.

What do you suppose would happen if the questioning parents were answered thus: "Why, the child is the image and likeness of God . . . it is complete and whole." The parents would probably be overcome with confusion at finding themselves required to bring up the little thing without a worldly blueprint. The challenge would no doubt be too much for most of them, and as soon as the one who answered them in such a manner was out of the room, they would take a peek at the genitals and destroy all the potential magnificence of the moment with some idiotic words like, "It's a boy!" Go on, dear parents, kill out the divinity of your offspring! Wholeness is more of an idea than you can set free in your limited household, isn't it? Wholeness (holiness) with all its far reaching implications . . . will you ever dare even THINK about it? Even the oft-repeated words "male and female created he them" are molded to suit the limits of dwarfed viewpoints until they seem to say "male or female" instead of "male and female." And so what God has joined together, man busies himself putting asunder.

Years pass, and little Jim is warped away from the better half of himself that would imbue his life with such characteristics as gentility, receptivity, generativeness, warmth, and depth of feeling. These virtues, he is told, are not his birthright; they are only for those lesser creatures, the women, and are unbecoming to the proud he-man. In place of gentility, he is trained into a kill-or-be-killed fighter for the wars. In place of receptivity he is given its more popular opposite: suspiciousness. His generativeness is reversed into the delight of the business world: a live wire, aggressive, get-all-you-can-out-of-life young man. Warmth must never leave its soft lines upon his face, for only the steel jaw and the cold spark of contempt in his eye will pass as masculine and handsome. As for depth of feeling, let him not dare to show it lest he be dealt that worst insult of all: womanly effeminate . . . sissy!

The more little Jim's individuality (un-divide-ability) is subdued, and the more he is led to surrender the woman half of his wholeness, the more satisfied the parents are with their well done job of giving the world a real he-man. But the in-divid-ual is lost, and the world will one day have the satisfaction of packing the dirt over him and thinking, with callous lack of understanding, "Little Jim was no better than the rest of us, after all."

And yet, amid these endless repetitions of men who lose the struggle for their soul, sometimes a wonderful thing happens. Sometimes a child is born who has an inner strength that can endure the attempts of the parents and the world to divide it in half and it goes through the "training" process without losing its sense of wholeness, its individuality. It has opposition all along the way, yet it feeds upon this opposition and grows stronger with each challenge met.

Once in awhile along comes a little Jim who simply does not believe the parents who instruct him to kill out his better half. He is quite likely to make some strikingly courageous reply, such as, "For goodneth merthy thakes, I'll wave my lavender hankie all I thilly pleathz!" If the parents have forced him to put his answer in such strong language, it serves them right. Could he do it in a less "disturbing" way? Certainly, he could; but if his spiritual courage is put to such a test that only a "disturbing" method will

get the job done, then he rises to it and swishes a spectacular path through the world so that all may behold how he maintains SPECIFICALLY the part of him most attacked. The balanced personality can wait; the male mannerisms can be held in the background for awhile yet - - those things are not under attack and their defense is not demanded by the order of the moment. First, and rightly, he will overcome the specific lie by exaggerating specifically those natural elements of his wholeness which he has been told are unnatural. Those elements must be defended first, and only after that battle is won will any next step be in order.

Meanwhile, he has this moment's work to do and he will do it specifically and courageously. The precise demand may be that he champions the feminine personality and mannerisms; it may be that he is to develop his warmth and intimacy of touch with his fellow men; it may be that he is to overcome burdens of distaste; it may be that he is to be generative and inspirational toward all others; it may be that he is to prove his ability to be yielding and all-accepting in the arms of someone who desires this of him; it may be that he must prove the superiority of gentleness to hostility. Whatever his specific compulsion may be, he will rise to it and dare to exhibit that part he discovers in himself which the world would have him kill. Let any other kill it who can; then the guilt will be the killer's - - but he, himself, will refuse to kill any part of life and he will, above all, be true to every compulsion that leads towards his own ideal.

Now and again a little Jim will win. He will find, somewhere along the way, that he has shown what the Ideal has compelled him to show and he is still alive and healthy and happy. It is time, then, to drop the once required exaggeration and return to the point of balance. Now all the male and all the female elements are at his disposal, and he can be his whole, balanced self in full command of whatever he needs from that wholeness to meet the needs along his path. No longer must he defend any specific part, fearing that it could be taken from him or discouraged away. He has proved his courage, his wonderful manhood and his wonderful womanhood, and it only remains now for him to enjoy the fullness of being all that he is - - and to use all that he is wholeheartedly.

But you, who would condemn his methods . . . are you first being sure that you have even entered the path toward completion and wholeness? Are you still lost among the world, believing yourself to be only a half-thing, either male or female, and content to remain in so limited a state of consciousness? Man, do you so hate woman that you do not yet long to be all that woman is? . . . and woman, do you so hate man that you do not yet long to be all that man is? Then be patient. The longing for individual completeness will come when you are ready. And until then, be wise enough and kind enough not to oppose its champions. Let them do the work that is too "dirty" for you - - the work you have not yet found courage to do. They will pave your way for you.

Little Jim, to you we owe a wondrous respect and gratitude. You have chosen to walk alone, as you know you must, but can you accept some encouragement from these words wishing you Godspeed? And can you see your goal drawing near when this reminder is heard: "When that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away."

NOTE: To those who use terms like "Neurotic Compulsion," so that they may discuss phenomena which they do not understand and even have a name for their misunderstanding, this article is respectfully submitted. If you have ever been accused of such a "compulsion" you may, after reading these words, simply not give a damn. If you have ever been the accuser your problem is more serious . . . but there is hope, even for one who has behaved so criminally as to accuse a brother man.

INTERNATIONAL

News from other countries; translations and selections from homo-file magazines abroad.

Keola THE FIREWALKER

by Harry Otis

As our steamer drew near the pier at Singapore, Ned Kerley appeared very anxious and excited. For a few moments I had been enjoying an idle conversation with this likeable Englishman whom I had met on board, but during the brief second I lowered my eyes to light a cigarette he maneuvered away from me, and as I looked up I saw him standing at the rail searching the faces on the pier below. I smiled to myself, sensing that he expected to find someone who meant very much to him among the waiting crowd. All that I knew about him from our casual meetings was that he held a responsible position in the British government's foreign office in Singapore and that he was unmarried. He did not seem to find the face he watched for, and his excitement changed to a tense disappointment.

Before we left the ship he appeared at my side again and invited me to dine with him at his home the following evening. He opened his wallet to give me his card and I noticed a picture of a handsome young Malayan.

Very early the next morning I hurried to join the crowds at the temple grounds to observe a strange ceremony about which I had become

very curious. I had heard that some of the participants walked barefoot on burning coals and nothing could have kept me from seeing it for myself. As I edged into the crowd I saw Kerley standing among them. It was obvious that he hadn't slept. He was unshaved, he chewed nervously upon his lower lip, and he was lighting one cigarette from the butt of another.

It was the Ninth Month of the Moon and the priests were preparing to honor their Emperor God, Kow Ong Yeah. The burning of great piles of wood had begun before dawn. By now they were evenly glowing embers and had been raked into a flat bed about ten feet wide and sixty feet long. Beyond the fiery strip was an elaborately carved altar holding a jewelled image of the Taoist God. Six priests knelt on the ground before it, chanting in a high, piercing falsetto. They stopped only long enough to chew betel nuts and spit carelessly at some nearby brass spittoons. A haze of acrid smoke hung above an urn filled with smoldering coconut shells. This urn stood before the altar and was surrounded by numerous sticks of incense and fluttering candles.

From the almost motionless crowd came a slender brown boy of about sixteen. With his eyes closed and his head thrown back he tore off his clothes and danced naked before the image—a frenzied, jerky dance with many odd poses. As he danced he grew wilder, screaming again and again like a terrified jungle animal. A bearded priest took up a goblet of water, filled his mouth, and spat full force into the boy's face. The boy shivered violently. Slowly his eyes opened. With great effort he picked up his clothes and staggered toward the crowd. Another youth, slightly older, rushed out and threw his arms about the boy. He held him gently for a moment, then helped him dress.

Two men brought a struggling goat to the altar. One held its head, the other its legs. A priest, who had been lying prostrate upon the ground, sprang to his feet with a chilling shriek and, with a heavy curved blade, slashed the goat's head from its body.

Now was the time for the fire walking. From behind the temple came two barefoot Indian boys with an emaciated priest between them. Each clasped one of his hands. There was not a trace of fear on their faces as they approached the fiery carpet and calmly walked onto it. Their feet sank in deep. Unhurriedly they crossed to the other side, leaving footprints alive with leaping tongues of flame. Drums roared and cymbals clashed to indicate the blessing of the Nine Emperor God. He was pleased.

A dozen laughing women followed. They held their saris high to keep them from scorching. Then a bulky

woman, built much like a Judo wrestler, threw back her head with a yell and waddled forth. She sank in the hot coals up to her ankles, but she continued to laugh and wave to the crowd, which shouted and waved back.

I glanced at Kerley. In the strong blaze of the morning sun his whiteness stood forth against the wide field of black and brown human beings. His expression did not change once as he watched the proceedings, not even when a mother carrying a child across the pit stumbled, dropping the screaming babe onto the heat. It was immediately rescued and the mother pulled to safety.

Five men, their eyes wide with fear, stopped at the very edge. The priests shrieked at them, but they did not move. Seizing whips, the priests lashed them across the backs. The men cowered, but the priests did not stop the lashing. At last, with agonized faces, they dashed across the fire and off into the crowd.

A young man stepped forth alone, clad in a saffron-colored loin cloth. His beauty was so striking that it made an impression almost stronger than all else I had seen to this point. His dark brown body could have been a masterpiece sculpted by Rodin, so perfect were strong lines of his graceful virility as he paused there immobile at the edge of the coals. His rich black hair gleamed like onyx. Suddenly I recalled having seen his face before, and I looked swiftly toward Kerley. He, too, was rigid enough to have been a statue—but one with terrified eyes and teeth clamped into his lower lip.

It would be impossible to describe the expression on the fine face of the young Malayan. It was neither that of fanaticism nor vanity—rather, it approximated a kind of ecstasy and seemed to reflect the realization of a dream. Slowly, as if in trance, he passed over the coals. When he reached the opposite side, he turned and retraced his steps. Then, back on bare ground again, he went directly to Kerley and put his arm across the man's shoulder. Together they vanished in the crowd.

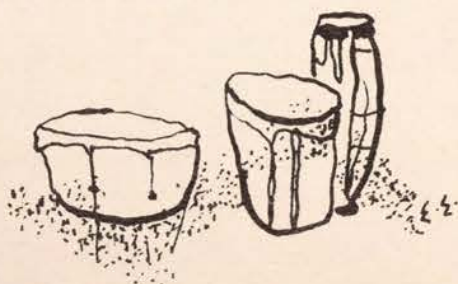
I spent the rest of the day hoping that he would be at the Englishman's home that evening when I arrived for dinner—and he was, immaculate in a white linen suit. His name was Keolo. As I looked across the table into his soft black eyes it was difficult to believe that he was the same fearless fire walker who had held me spellbound that very morning. Kerley suggested that he tell me his story. In a deep, vibrant baritone he began. His English was perfect.

"When I was a boy I invariably looked at white men and wished one would speak to me, even merely notice me. None ever did. After I grew older I longed to have one for a friend, one who would give me the understanding and love I never knew at home. Every day I went to the temples and prayed for such a friend. Many years passed, but I never lost faith. After I finished school I obtained a position with the Java Steamship Company here in Singapore. One

day I was sent to Ned's office . . . and from that moment everything was changed.

"In my religion, when the Gods answer your prayers you must show them your gratitude. If you don't, something might happen whereby you will lose all you have gained." He paused and lowered his eyes, then smiled at me. "I would not want to live without Ned. The thought of losing him used to torment me. I asked my Gods for help. I knew Ned would never let me do anything he feared might hurt me, so I had to wait. Fortunately his work took him to Indonesia for a time. What I did this morning takes much time and preparation. One must first obtain Kow Ong Yeah's sanction. One gets this only while in a trance, which means hours and hours of meditation. After that one must purify his mind and body; eat nothing but fruits, vegetables, and nuts; and think only the best of everyone regardless of what anyone might have done to you. One must not kill. . . not even an insect. Kow Ong Yeah listens to Mandarin—nothing else. It is necessary to know it perfectly. The day you feel you are ready, you tell Him that you have had no earthly pleasures and you have lived alone for many weeks. Your faith must be absolute, then, whatever you do, nothing can harm you."

He lay his strong brown hands over Kerley's and looked deeply into his eyes. His voice was warm and soft as he said this one final thing, "The drums and cymbals told me what I wanted to know."



tangents

news & views

by dal mcintire

Appearances notwithstanding, this column doesn't aim at being a mere catalogue of scandals. But coverage of this sort of news presents special problems. The press (our chief source) seldom mentions homosexuals except in sordid scandals. So that's what the news generally is.

There might be room for gossip about who's in Capri with whom; about which celebrity married in haste after a mauling in the smut-&-slander mags; but my belief that certain contemporaries are homosexual doesn't justify saying so in print. Such commitments should be up to them. We're left with police & court records, scattered news about "characters" or about people who've publicly attacked, defended, or otherwise associated their names with the subject, follow-ups on publicized affairs & news about those few openly identified as homosexual.

Peter Wildeblood, whose fine book, Against the Law, on his trial and imprisonment we've reviewed, has new book done (still negotiating for American publication of 1st). . . James Barr Fugate (Quatrefoil & Game of Fools) recently moved to NYC, expects to round off 2nd novel & try for production of Mamma Doll, 2nd play.

MATTACHINE membership badly dwindled in Calif, but lively new chapters in Chi, NYC, WashDC, etc, with several fine local newsletters. Last REVIEW edited by N.Y. group. L.A. MATTACHINE recently heard resume of Dr. Hooker's Chicago report

to Amer. Psych. Assn., demonstrating statistically fallacy of claim homosexuals are demonstrably neurotic. . . Tho ONE & MATTACHINE are separate organizations, notion still crops up that ONE is MATTACHINE publication. The brief feuding between groups is long since past. In such a field as this, there's room for more than one approach.

NAT'L. ASSN. FOR SEXUAL RESEARCH, formerly L.A. Mattachine Legal Chapter, had elaborate program for legal defense, law reform & general research, but after a year of meetings here, they've defuncted.

DAUGHTERS OF BILITIS in Frisco seems to be growing, tho still small. 1st issue of THE LADDER, their publication, available.

Is it news ONE has trouble with monthly schedule? Inside Dope (if you hadn't guessed): We all work for living, do this in spare time. Each time an issue's finally ready for printer, that man needs money, so we cool our heels til it dribbles in. Now & then we almost catch up & someone takes sick. But bear with us

ONE, Inc. exists for several purposes besides publishing ONE. Our fledgling library, book service, Game of Fools, Midwinter Institutes & ONE-CONFIDENTIAL are starts in other directions. Our 2nd book, now being bound, should be in the mails before this is. Our Education Dept., now launching 1st series of exploratory classes on historic, scientific, philosophic aspects of homosexuality.

one

Few weeks back: 2 chaplains from penal institution in large city back east visited us, discussed means of helping homosexuals who came to them for advice, particularly approaches that might be used thru their churches. Hope to have more to report on this.

S U R V E Y

KANSAS CITY, Mo.: Kansas U. football star stabbed outside Colony Bar, advertised as 'Gayest Spot in Town', when he & 2 friends followed meat-cutter Harold Beaver, 24, to bar's restroom (after drag race) & on way out, gridstar Lynn McCarthy knocked Beaver down at least twice. After threatening with knife, Beaver stabbed McCarthy 4 times & fled. McCarthy in fair condition, but unlikely to play ball this season. . . Former topcop, running for Sheriff, accuses incumbent of attempts to conceal rape charges against deputy, who forced 16-yr-old girl, arrested in car with fiance, by threatening to send her & boyfriend to prison Man beaten, robbed at 1 a.m., at Liberty Memorial when a man invited him to look at fountains & 5 men jumped him Police plan action against hoodlumism in Liberty Memorial mall area, described as gathering place for sex deviates, after another man died of gunshot wounds from holdup there . . . Police also seeking 3 youths for beating & taking car from salesman met in tavern SPRINGFIELD, Mo.: 13-yr-old boy who'd stabbed older girl cousin in sudden urge to kill someone, committed indefinitely to Fulton state mental hospital at parents' expense

NEW YORK: Magician Fred Keating & 81 other men, including music teachers, hairdressers & designers, arrested, fined \$10 each in raid on private party given by 3 female impersonators & a church organist. The organist, host, released on \$2,500 bail, charged with possessing lewd pictures, conducting unlicensed masquerade, etc. Impersonators (one believed hurt) got out window, leaving one wig behind, when cops arrived on neighbor's complaint . . . Young man

walking along peaceably when 2 plain-clothes cops demanded his name. "What's yours?" he asked. They arrested him for assault, after scuffle. Magistrate O. M. Martin dismissed case, said: "No officer is entitled to have these facts given him by the ordinary citizen walking along the streets." . . . New Yorkers agog recently at middle aged man walking along Madison Ave. - quite nude . . . Queens Dist. Atty. appointed panel of 10 medical experts to assist his office in cases requiring medical opinion. Says panel to be neutral, replacing conflicting "expertese" that has long baffled juries. MINEOLA, N. Y.: Young bank teller arrested for pretending to be plain-clothesman & spanking over 40 boys he'd found doing annoying things.

From Long Island NEWSDAY, early '56: Patrick Quinn, 26, arrested in ash-tray killing of man he met by chance & attacked in man's apartment . . . 29-yr-old storm-window salesman identified by children as man who exposed self as they were leaving schoolbus. Over 20 boys & girls said Cambridge, an Englishman, made indecent proposals. He pleaded guilty . . L.I. soldier apparent suicide in stolen car on deserted road. First, improperly identified - cops found him wearing I.D. bracelet of man he lived with . . . Boy & 2 girls charge Medford beauty operator (who denied charges) of unnatural acts with them

LAWRENCE, MASS.: Mayor's brother & 4 other bartenders jailed for operating "gathering places for sex perverts," & contributing to delinquency of minors, at Club Tampa. 4 months for bartender Buckley. Police plan to padlock club. PORTLAND, ORE.: Grand jury indicts Purcell for failure to report & prosecute vice & halt police bribetaking . . . FT. WORTH, TEX.: Man jailed 6 months without trial on sodomy charge, judged insane by Dist. Court jury

TAOS, N. M.: 19-yr-old Beverly Romney, on trial for year-old murder of artist Wm. Rowe, says Rowe lured him with liquor & food into de-

generate sex relations, that he accidentally shot Rowe who's made threats to keep crippled youth from breaking off relationship. Before the killing, Romney was at amateur-theater-group party given by sister of Dist. Atty. Noble, prosecutor in case. Defense Atty. claimed hearing member of theatrical group urge Romney to go easy on homosexual aspect of affair, to protect theatre

ST. PETERSBURG, FLA., May: Detective Harry Dietrich, allegedly investigating prowler complaint on Beach Drive, heard noises from a home. Hiding by window, said he heard lewd talk, got 3 patrolmen & broke in, arresting 7 men on "disorderly conduct." A ONE reader says victims intended to fight case til Dietrich threatened to bring more serious charges. \$1400 bail forfeited when they failed to show in court. Reader says they'd lost jobs & left town, adds that Dietrich keeps busy "cruising" & arresting young kids in parks.

CALIFORNIA: State Liquor Dept. acting to close 4 Frisco bars: Black Cat, Copper Lantern, Cross Roads & Paper Doll as gathering places for homosexuals. 1949 attempt to suspend Black Cat's license was K-O'd by State Supreme Court. Liquor Chief Fullenwider, prompted by top-cop Frank Ahern's cleanup drive, promised action on 2 other bars. Charges said undercover agents were propositioned in each bar . . . A state attorney, a U.N. liaison officer, a Long Beach State college prof & 4 others arrested in Carmel on deviation charges. Chief Clyde Klaumann's "drive" has trapped 30 since July . . . Hear there's a super drive on in Fresno, but I've seen no clippings . . . Glendale cops hunting man in white Thunderbird for advances to boys. . . . Hollywood youth charged with repeatedly luring younger boys into car and molesting them under threat of knife or toy gun, denied he was homosexual. "I just get the urge to act tough once in awhile."

PITTSBURGH, PA: Policeman Alan Tanser, sentenced to prison in 1952 (with entire Vice Squad) for perjury & obstruction of justice in connection

with Squad's shakedown tactics. Suspended from force & awaiting appeal of case, he got back on traffic beat (without serving time) & this summer was convicted of beating up motorist who'd shouted to him to turn on lights as he drove away (in civvies) from a gas station . . . Pittsburgh cop suspended for molesting boy in theatre & being drunk & AWOL. O'Connor was on duty at time, but far from his beat. He accosted the 6-yr-old in theatre rest room, & boy's parents complained. His lieutenant suspended for negligent supervision. . . Church janitor sentenced in similar case week before & a milk truck driver week after . . . BUTLER, PA.: Benjamin Cook committed to Western Correctional Diagnostic & Classification Center at Western Penitentiary for assignment on 16 life sentences, for 16 youths allegedly lured into "Uncle Ben's Joy House." Defense Counsel said he suffered from youth of a "cancer of the mind."

OTHER VOICES

Cambridge Scientist Alexander Maxwell theorized, after study of 20 families, that sex of babies is determined by weaker parent; robust father will tend to get daughters & strong mother will turn out sons. He cited figures showing heavy preponderance among several hundred families. A top gynecologist suggests an animal research society might check theory. Mr. Maxwell is a bachelor.

Dr. Jacob Levine of Yale, studying 79 alcoholics, found drinking seems to decrease sex drives. Most preferred company of own sex, & drinking seemed to stem from "wrestling with problem of homosexuality."

NYC psychiatrist Dr. John Cavanaugh says major cause of divorce is failure of men to wear pants in family. "Women are not equipped by nature to be the head of the family."

Dr. George Watson of U.S.C. School of Philosophy, challenging Freudians, says many mental disorders seem to be biochemical in nature, often related to improper feeding. He

reported (in Journal of Psychology) on nutritional therapy research . . .

Amer. Rocket Society prexy says we shouldn't barge in on other planets, raising flags & acting like conquerors, til we've first checked things with local authorities to find out if we're welcome

At annual meet of Academy of Psychosomatic Medicine, Dr. Edmund Bergler, outspoken Kinsey foe, blamed late sexologist for many youths being homosexual, or at least for "burdening them with damaging guilt and self-doubt." Bergler said Kinsey's unreliable statistics, plus taboo on subject, led many borderline cases to think homosexuality normal, common & scientifically approved, whereas it is really "a specific emotional disease." Bergler, "a specialist in that disease," has written many technical papers on its treatment & cure.

Federal Prisons Bureau plan to base intensive study of cause, effect & cure of homosexuality on 100 "extreme cases" imprisoned at Medical Center, Springfield, Mo., is welcome, providing they remember "extreme" cases aren't necessarily typical. Generalization in this field tends to be wild.

Philip Wylie in AMERICAN WEEKLY, quoting from late Dr. Lindner, urges arrangements be made to allow men in prison normal married life. He notes many in prison, lacking heterosexual outlets, turn to homosexuality, which often preys on their conscience, making later adjustment harder . . . A Wash. D.C. wife petitioned district commissioners to restore her marital rights, contending she is entitled to share her jailed husband's bed "until such time as their marriage may be dissolved by death or court decree."

Shortly after the Demo convention, Kefauver joked, "One thing about Democratic rivals - they can kiss & make up." Stevenson fired back, "I'll make up but I'm damned if I'll kiss you." A correspondent added, "At last Adlai's got a straight man." Republicans halting anti-egghead cam-

paign. They need a few brains on their side . . . Ike recently said he and Indonesian President Sukarno had one thing in common - - preferred "Western movies with Randolph Scott to certain curvaceous young ladies. I hope this is not due to our age."

Historian Arnold Toynbee in WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION called women politically dangerous: likely to vote for handsome candidates - - most likely to be demagogues

Atty. Gen. Brownell, following Supreme Court Ruling, ordered reinstatement of all "non-sensitive" security suspensions. Some clarification urgently needed on "security" classification of homosexuals. JET reports "quiet probe" in Wash. D.C. postoffice of homosexual suspects. AIR FORCE TIMES reports "Discharge for homosexual acts or tendencies gets a longer and stiffer set of rules under new AFR 35-36. AF's new policy statement: There is no distinction between off-duty and on-duty time. Exceptions (to prompt discharge rule) will be considered only under the most extenuating circumstances."

Commenting on German Press complaints about American G.I. misconduct, deputy chief of Army chaplains Tobey told Natl. Council of Churches services are out to improve moral, spiritual environment of young servicemen. Millions of \$s will go for wholesome recreational facilities. Draftees will be screened to weed out poor behavior risks, & heavy emphasis placed on worship services, character guidance courses & other programs conducted by chaplains.

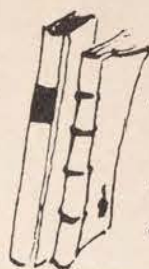
Of more than 4000 Calif men examined for draft this year, over third (including many high school grads) failed to pass educational ability tests. 1212 were nixed on aptitude or moral grounds & about 600 for physical disability.

Democrats complain about TV show DRAGNET's constant harping on how cops are "hampered" by rules on search & seizure, request comparable TV time to defend civil rights.



BOOKS & PUBLICATIONS

Notices and reviews of books, articles, plays and poetry dealing with homosexuality and the sex variant. Readers are invited to send in reviews or printed matter for review.



THIN ICE - - - - - Compton Mackenzie
London, 1956

Now in his seventies, and with more books to his credit than years, one would expect Sir Compton Mackenzie to taper off in his writing, to produce the itsy-poo memoirs so typical of senior literati or the polite novels that decorate the book club lists of several continents. Instead, Sir Compton has chosen to work with the political and social hot potato of the deviate in diplomacy, and has succeeded in producing one of the meatiest, if subtlest, of his many fine volumes. *THIN ICE* is a distinguished, moving and disturbing work of surpassing elegance and style.

THIN ICE is not Sir Compton's first venture into the field. *EXTRAORDINARY WOMEN* and *VESTAL FIRE** have both long been held in high regard as serious novels on the homosexual theme. Nor is this his first tilt with the powers that be. In 1932, he was prosecuted by the War Office for his revelations in his memoirs, *AEGEAN MEMORIES*. Neither has his distinction in other fields kept him from discussing what might be considered generally unpopular: In 1931, he was elected Lord Rector of Glasgow University. He is one of the founders of the Scottish National Party and has been knighted in recent years.

Superficially this is a novel as refined to the eye as a many-layered petit four, with slivers of elegant pastry notched between thin rows of fine creams and jams. The simile is not far-fetched, for *THIN ICE* has as many levels and is just as rich, calorically, and it is as rewarding to the taste as to the eye.

When he was twenty-two, at the turn of the century, Henry Fortescue, Sir Compton's hero, went off into the desert with his young Arab guide. When he returned he realized that in his chosen field there could be no such thing as discretion: there could be total abstinence or excess, he could not go for years walking on thin ice. Thus, he went into Parliament and began to make his reputation. But there are disappointments even in Parliament and politics, and eventually his discretion began to fall by the waysides as he walked. His capitulation was full and his leap into the gay life of London was made deliberately and with both feet.

Around this kernel are some of the most elegantly drawn characters it has been our pleasure to meet in some time, from his version of the Colonel Blimps of the Empire to those gracious ladies who are the queens of the circulating libraries. But his humor, his sensitivity, and his great ability as a story-teller make *THIN ICE* not only the season's, but one of Sir Compton's best of his many fine novels.

M. B.

*Long out of print in this country, both *VESTAL FIRE* and *EXTRAORDINARY WOMEN* have been made available in Great Britain once again.

The professional drag queen is an artist paid to represent something that he is not; he may be a person of distinguished talents and remarkable vocal and dramatic abilities. On the other hand he may be, and often is, no more than a parlor-sized entertainer where his talents are concerned, ranking somewhere between talking dogs and Siamese twins - as Dr. Johnson has written of woman's preaching: "It is not done well; but you are surprised to find it done at all."

The professional novelist is an artist paid to create an illusion; it may be the illusion of reality, sterner and stronger than we ordinarily experience, or, contrariwise, more unreal - elegant and haunting, fulfilling dreams undreamt and loves unlived. In the field of the novel and the homosexual it would appear that a work concerned with the female impersonator would be highly revelatory, consistently faceted, and endlessly vicarious in its entertainment. Unfortunately, Jay Little's *SOMEWHERE BETWEEN THE TWO* is not that work.

This is not to say that *SOMEWHERE BETWEEN THE TWO* is not an amusing book, or one without interest. While it is not so consistently enlightening as *MAYBE TOMORROW*, Mr. Little's first book, nor so continually startling (having once been shocked one is not tempted to turn away without courting a second shock) it is not without merit and its pin-pricks of excitement. He captures the exact speech pattern of a large segment of homosexual society with a remarkable ease and reports a kind of brief contact and passing fancy with an almost painful accuracy and wry humor. His tongue, however, is not in his cheek: Mr. Little is a very earnest young man.

In the expanding field of fiction and the homosexual we find the bibliography divided almost exactly in half. On the one shelf are such works as the great Proust novel, Radclyffe Hall's distinguished *THE WELL OF LONELINESS*, several works by Henry James, Marguerite Yourcenar's *HADRIAN'S MEMOIRS* and Angus Wilson's extraordinarily fine *HEMLOCK AND AFTER*. On the other we find works of such disparate quality and taste as range from Robert Scully's *SCARLET PANSY* of the first World War through *THE HEART IN EXILE* and *QUATREFOIL*. It is somewhere on this second shelf that Mr. Little's two novels stand.

There are many faults in Mr. Little's novel: characters enter and leave without purpose, people are moved around and shuffled without point. To a certain extent it would be hard to say exactly what *SOMEWHERE BETWEEN THE TWO* is about. Our hero, Terry Wallace, is unhappy and frustrated in the small town where he lives with his aunt. He has no idea who his parents are or were. The only honest expression of his feeling comes on the eve of his departure for the big city. He arrives in Hollywood, is picked up by the proverbial older man and is kept. He is unhappy until at a party he meets some female impersonators. He says this is what I want to do, dons drag and goes to work. He meets lots of people and beds down with some of them, noting along the way how many are married and fathers, whether they be his lovers or impersonators not mattering to him in the least. At the end, back at the scene of his first major success he meets a young man (the hero of *MAYBE TOMORROW*?) and soft smiles are smiled as the book ends. But, to a great extent, nothing has happened.

We admire Terry when he breaks a lover's heart so that the boy can go home and marry, but we cannot appreciate the act for we are never aware of Terry's psychology unless we are completely intuitive. We believe Mr. Little every time he tells us that this or that character returns to his wife between Dior's, but we don't know why the character has chosen either of his two paths.

In a sense Mr. Little's book is itself a drag number: it is an impersonation of a novel, and it is not what it appears to be. But it is a job of remark-

able honesty, an honesty that is verified by its failures and deeply felt sincerity. We shall look forward to Mr. Little's next book for with all his faults as artist, his virtues are not invisible. M.B.

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Aunt Anna & Uncle Joe



a story by Clarkson Crane

I wasn't especially pleased, that Sunday, when Bob told me his Aunt Anna and his Uncle Joe were coming from Deep River, Kansas, to California and that he had invited them to spend a month with us. I really had no right to object. Our house in the East Bay Hills belongs as much to Bob as to me and it certainly is large enough—three bedrooms, one of them with twin beds, and in the living room a sort of studio couch where someone can sleep if necessary. The year before, my mother had been with us for a week. She and Bob had got along beautifully; I think Bob liked to have a mother-substitute around; probably, that was why he seemed so glad Aunt Anna was coming.

"You don't think they'll suspect?" I asked.

Bob laughed.

"What could they know about such things? After all, Deep River, Kansas. Anyway, did your mother suspect?"

"I really don't know. I don't think so."

"Of course, she didn't," said Bob.

At any rate, my right shoulder, the one that stopped the shell fragment on Iwo, began to ache, as it always does when something disturbs me. The fact that I was wounded on Iwo doesn't mean I was a hero or anything like that. Far from it. I was away behind the fighting, which was almost over, minding my own business, when these three shells came over, God knows why. Probably just the whim of some Japanese officer. But they killed two men and wounded seven, so the whim paid off. The war was over as far as I was concerned (just three months after I shipped out of San Francisco), over, that is, except for several army hospitals and four or five trips to surgery.

So my shoulder began to ache.

"What are we going to do with Pandora's box?" I asked.

Bob thought for a minute. I always like him when he looks thoughtful. He was standing in our brick-paved patio, the sunlight on his crew-cut blond hair. My old painful feeling for him swept through me and I knew I'd agree to anything no matter how many aunts and uncles he brought home.

"Can't we just stash it away in the garage somewhere?" he said. "It looks like any old carton."

"You don't think your Uncle Joe's the puttering-around type? If he just happened to open it and see the photographs, he might get ideas, Deep River or no Deep River."

"That's true," said Bob.

"Then the books. We'll have to get them out of the way. Aunt Anna may be a reader."

Bob's eyes clouded over. I recognized the trouble signal. I tried to think of something helpful and cooperative.

"You're always making objections," he said. "You don't want them to come. I knew that right away as soon as I told you. I didn't complain when your mother was here last year."

He stopped abruptly and I could feel the tension in him building up. He looked slender, boyish, and angry.

"Bob," I said, "I—"

"Oh, shut up!"

He picked up a flowerpot, smashed it into pieces on the brick pavement, turned, went into the house, and slammed the screen door. After a moment, I followed him, as I always do, my shoulder aching. He was by the view window, hands in pockets.

"Look, Bob," I said, "I know what we can do. We'll go through the books, take out the ones they shouldn't see, put them in Pandora's box, on top of the photos, and ask Tom and Bill to keep the whole works for us while your aunt and uncle are here. Please, Bob, don't be like that."

I stood beside him. It was a clear, north-wind Sunday. Far

away the buildings of San Francisco looked like little white cubes against tiny hills and the Golden Gate bridge was a toy against the blue.

I could feel Bob relaxing.

"Tom and Bill won't want them," he said in his natural voice. "They're afraid of their own shadows."

"How about Frank and Henry?"

"Maybe, but I doubt it."

"I know!" I said. "Felix and Randy. Randy'll love them. Why don't I give them a ring?"

"Isn't it too early?"

"It's nearly one. They're surely up by this time, even Randy."

I was right.

"Honey," Randy said, "we'll come right over this afternoon."

"There's no hurry," I said. "But we'd like to see you. You can help us go through the books. Aunt Anna and Uncle Joe won't be here for a couple of weeks."

Aunt Anna was plumpish, hair partly gray, rimless spectacles, friendly eyes, a pleasant laugh; Uncle Joe, small, gray-haired, wiry, a leathery, sun-tanned skin, hands that had done work, a slow speech, and humor a bit on the heavy side. They were both in their mid-sixties. Uncle Joe had recently sold his hardware store in Deep River; they had rented their house, bought a new Lincoln, and were going to take it easy the rest of their lives. Bob said they had some other property. Before they had been with us an hour I was calling them Anna and Joe.

We gave them the guest room with the twin beds, I stayed in our room with the double bed, and Bob slept on the studio couch in the living room. He said he wanted it that way. I could see he had a guilt feeling or something of the sort in their presence. His own parents had died in a car crash when he was a child and he had lived with his aunt and uncle through most of his school days until he joined the navy in nineteen forty-three when he was seventeen. He was twenty-eight now, seven years younger than I. He often said he couldn't bear the thought of their finding out about him, especially his aunt.

He insisted on leaving his Ford on the street so they could put their Lincoln in the garage beside my new Volkswagen. I was just as glad to have my car under cover: it was still new-looking and there might be a bit more rain, even in April.

"You boys sure do have a nice place!" said Anna.

"We like it," I said modestly.

The rug was paid for and the double bed, but we were making payments on almost everything else—the refrigerator, the kitchen range, the hi-fi, the television, most of the furniture, not to mention both cars and, of course, the house. We'd be paying on the house for twenty years. But nearly all our friends lived that way. Felix and Randy had just bought a duplex in San Francisco on the slope of Twin Peaks and were renting the other apartment to a couple of gay kids.

"When we see something we want, we just have it sent up," said Randy. "Why not?"

The first evening we were uncertain about cocktails, but Anna and Joe loved them. They even drank wine with dinner.

"When in Rome," said Joe with a wink.

After a day or two Anna insisted on getting dinner and she and I washed the dishes afterwards while Joe and Bob watched television in the living room. We had been in the house for nearly two years and had never gotten to know the neighbors except to nod and say hello now and then. We often wondered what they thought about so many young men coming and going. After a week Anna was calling all the women and several of the husbands by their first names.

"The Grigsbys are lovely people," she said one evening at dinner. "And you know what? When they drove East two years ago to see Mary's folks in Peoria they stopped for lunch in Deep River. They had a flat or something and left their car in the garage across from the hotel."

"Ollie Rankin's place," said Joe.

"Yeah, that's what I told her. I said 'Why, Mary, Joe and I went to school with Ollie Rankin. We've known him all our lives.' And what do you think? Janet Riley across the street here has a cousin in Morton, only twenty miles from Deep River."

"It sure is a small world," said Joe.

"It sure is," said Anna. "They all like you boys," she went on. "Only thing they wish you weren't so stand-offish. Mary said when you first bought the house they didn't know what it would be like, a couple of bachelors living next

door. They were afraid you'd have wild parties and such. But she says you're the quietest things! And she says such nice-looking young men come to see you."

I'm not much for gardening: my shoulder and all that; Bob loves it and can make anything grow. He keeps the lawn in front trimmed and has built a lath house at one end of the patio where he starts seedlings. He spends week-ends, often late afternoons, after daylight-saving time begins, digging and weeding, wearing just a pair of shorts. I lie in a deck chair and watch him. I can't help watching him.

Joe and Anna both like gardening too and used to work on weekdays when Bob and I were away. Joe clipped the privet hedges along the sides of the lot and relaid some bricks where a tree root had pushed them up.

"Joe loves to putty round," Anna said.

He and Bob would have long talks about what should be sprayed and what taken out. The cord on our circular clothes dryer had rotted away. Bob and I had been tying knots whenever it broke, postponing the day when we'd have to do something serious about it. I was appalled by the thought of weaving a new cord properly through all those holes and I think Bob was too, though he pretended he could do it easily whenever he wanted. But it presented no problem at all to Joe. The first week he was here he made friends with the owner of the hardware store in the shopping center a few blocks away, brought home a cord and several other gadgets for the kitchen and the garden, and the following Sunday he and Bob strung the cord, while Anna and I sat in the shade and watched them.

The next day Anna did a big wash—all the household stuff and our shirts. She said laundries wore things out so.

I got so I looked forward to talking with Anna while we were washing dishes after dinner. She told me about Bob's parents.

"His dad was just no good, I guess. He gave my poor sister a bad time. Drinking and everything. I know I shouldn't say it but I always felt the accident was his fault. Bob was such a cute little tyke. Only five. We loved him from the minute we laid eyes on him. You see, Joe and I never had any children of our own. Just one of those things, I guess. I don't know what we'd have done without Bob. Some folks said we spoiled him. Maybe we did. He was such a poor lonely little fellow when he came to us. They lived in Topeka and my sister and I'd sort of drifted apart. I'll never forget the first time I saw Bob when we went to get him after the accident. Those big blue eyes! My, I sure did hate to see him go when he joined the Navy. But Joe said it'd do him good. He said it did him good when he was Bob's age."

"Oh, was Joe in the Navy?"

"He sure was. The first world war and everything."

Often on Saturdays and Sundays we'd take long drives around the Bay Area, once as far as the Napa Valley so that Anna and Joe could see the vineyards and visit the winery. We always went in their Lincoln, because Bob's car was getting old and Joe always kidded me about the Volkswagen. "That ain't a car, that's a scooter," he said. "You leave Harry alone," Anna said. "If he likes it, that's

his business. I guess it gets him to his job like your car would." Bob loved to drive the Lincoln. It had automatic gearshift, power steering, and everything you could think of.

One Sunday Tom and Bill invited us all to have dinner with them. As they're the quiet sort (Tom's a lawyer and Bill's a high-school teacher), we thought it would be all right. They live in a modern-looking house on a hilltop in Marin County and Joe and Anna loved the place. After consulting with Bob and me, Anna asked them to have dinner with us the following week.

She and I spent most of the next Sunday in the kitchen getting ready for them. We had told them to come early, about five, so we'd have plenty of time to sit in the patio and have drinks. At a quarter to five Anna went into her room to change her dress; almost immediately I heard the phone ring. Bob answered it, talked for a few minutes, then came into the kitchen.

"Felix and Randy and a friend of theirs are coming," he said.

"Oh God!" I said. "Do they know Tom and Bill are coming to dinner?"

"I told them. They said they'd just stay a minute."

"I wish you'd headed them off."

"What could I say? They're already in the East Bay."

My shoulder was beginning to ache.

"I hope Randy behaves," I said.

Anna and Joe came into the kitchen, Joe smoking a cigar.

"Three more coming," Bob said.

"To dinner?" asked Anna.

"No, just for a drink."

"Well, why don't they stay to dinner?" said Anna. "It's a big ham and I'll put in some more sweet potatoes. Landsakes, there's plenty of room for everybody. That'd only be nine. With that big table in the patio."

"Why, sure," said Joe. "The more the merrier. Who are these guys?"

"They live in the city," I said. "Felix is a bookkeeper and Randy works in a department store. We don't know the other one."

A car door slammed outside, the chime sounded in the kitchen: Tom and Bill, looking ivy-league and subdued. I knew they didn't like Randy, who worked in the display department and was a bit on the obvious side. I also knew Randy thought Tom and Bill stuffy.

"Felix and Randy just phoned," Bob said. "They're coming up."

Tom and Bill each uttered a polite little "Oh?" and lighted cigarettes at the same time.

We had just got settled in the patio with drinks when the chime sounded again. I went to open the front door. Randy, roundish in a loud sport jacket, stood grinning, his black hair brushed smooth; Felix was beside him, thinner, blond, a narrow, high-bridged nose and pointed chin; their friend was tall with brown hair and brown eyes. They obviously had been having drinks.

"Hi!" said Randy.

I introduced them to Anna and Joe in the patio. The friend's name was Hugh. As I was going into the house, I heard Randy's voice:

"We almost had a crash on the bridge. My dear, the cu-ra-aziest driver—"

When I returned, everyone was talking, even Tom and Bill who always loosened up with liquor. They looked somewhat alike in their quiet gray suits and cuff links except that Tom was blond and Bill dark. I could see that Joe and Anna liked Randy, who was insisting they couldn't possibly stay to dinner. They had just dropped in for a minute.

"I won't take no for an answer," said Anna. "There's plenty of food for everybody and the table's all set."

"Well," said Randy, "I guess if that's the way you feel about it. We'd love to."

He and Anna both burst out laughing.

Long before we sat down to dinner I could see that Hugh, their friend, was making a play for Bob and, what is more, that Bob definitely was not displeased. My shoulder began to ache so that I could barely carry the tray of drinks and I felt like dumping the whole thing over Hugh's head. I could see he was already tight; I wondered if he knew what he was doing. Tom and Bill saw what was going on and, of course, Randy did too. I kept filling Hugh's glass along with the others; he drank a lot. When we went to the table, he managed to sit next to Bob, who had that excited little look he always gets when someone shows interest. But by this time Hugh was silent; he had turned yellowish and seemed to be going off into a kind of trance. Randy was watching him. After a while Hugh stood up and walked to the edge of the patio. He seemed fairly steady on his feet.

"If you don't feel good, honey, why don't you go in and lay down?" Randy called.

He and I got up, led Hugh into my room, laid him on the bed, and covered him up. He was out cold.

"Is he all right?" asked Anna when we came back to the table.

"Sure, he'll be all right," said Randy. "He shouldn't have drunk that cocktail."

"That's like Jake Fleming," said Anna. "Member that time, Joe?"

"Sure," said Joe. "Give Jake a drink and he's gone."

Joe was a little tight too. He and Randy seemed to be getting along marvellously. Once Randy called him 'honey'. Bob and I both gave Randy dirty looks; Randy said in a southern accent: "You folks mustn't mind me. I'm from the south and that's the way we talk down there." The only south Randy had ever seen was L. A., where he grew up, but we let it pass.

After dinner Anna saw the Grigsbys in their garden next door and called through the hedge to them to come on over. Mary Grigsby said they didn't like to leave the kids.

"Well, bring 'em along for land-sakes!" said Anna.

I must say I was a little tight. There seemed to be kids running all over the patio and everybody was talking about the sunset and the unusually warm evening. It came out somehow that Jack Grigsby had been on Iwo too; he even said he'd heard about those three shells coming over out of nowhere, but I doubted that. He dipped his finger in a puddle of spilled wine and drew lines on the table to show where his outfit had gone.

"Listen, Harry," he said, "you and Bob've got to come over some evening. Do you play bridge?"

I had sobered up considerably by the time Tom and Bill, who had to catch the ferry at Point Richmond, got up to go. The Grigsbys took their kids home to put them to bed and Hugh came out of the house looking apologetic. Felix shook hands with everybody, but Randy put his arms around Anna and kissed her on both cheeks.

"We've had a ball!" he said. Then, his hands still on her shoulders: "Felix and I want you folks to have dinner at our place. When can you come over?"

"We'd love to but we're leaving a week from tomorrow," said Anna. "Going to L.A. for a while."

"Well, listen," said Randy, "how about next Saturday evening? Then you'll have Sunday to sober up. Don't mind me, Anna. I'm just kidding," he said, slipping his arm around her and giving her a squeeze.

"Suits me," said Joe.

"Well, I think that would be just dandy," said Anna. "Okay with you boys?"

"And when you're in L.A. you've got to see my folks. I'll write Mom you're coming. They'll show you around."

I was glad about the dinner at Randy's. I knew Anna and Joe would like Randy's cooking. He would probably go all out for them. It would be a good climax to their stay in the Bay Area. Also, Randy had told me Hugh wouldn't be there.

Joe seemed pleased too.

"I like those two fellows," he said to me one late afternoon when we were by ourselves in the patio. "Some people might not. But I like them. Felix is the quiet kind and,

hell's bells, Randy likes to kid along. Randy's all right. Hell!"

The aroma of his cigar drifted towards me. I wondered just what he did mean.

"I've known guys like Randy," he said.

There was another silence.

"You fellows sure've got a nice place here," he said. "Nice house, nice lot, nice view. Nice to see two guys pal up the way you boys have. You get along all right too."

"Sure," I said.

"I sort of wanted Bob to stay in Deep River and take over the store. But now—well, I guess it's just as well he didn't. Not much in Deep River for a young fellow. You know—" he lowered his voice—"we'd do anything for that kid. After he come home from the service, we could see he wasn't happy in the store. Hell, little two-bit store in a two-bit town. I says to him 'Boy, if you want to light out and go somewhere else, it's okay by your aunt and I, but we'll sure miss you! He wanted to come to Frisco. He was on T. I. for a while during the war and got to like it here. But we sure do miss him.'"

"Now that you've sold out, you'll be coming to the Coast often," I said.

"That's right. We'll be coming out. We're not getting any younger and we don't like the winters back home. I remember the winters Bob used to come after school to work in the store. Saturdays too. He was a good boy. Worked hard. In the summer he worked all day, but we always managed it so as he'd have a good long vacation. He'd go fishing and camping. I used to think about him a lot. He was al-

ways by himself too much. One or two friends. But he was different somehow. We're sure glad he met you, Harry. He's took hold real well out here. Good job. Nice home. Well, it's the best thing for him. I guess it's the only thing. I'm glad he met you. There're some things--well, you know what I mean. There're some things I don't talk to Anna about. You know what I mean, don't you? But we're sure glad he met you, boy."

After a moment he said:

"We're getting old and he's all we've got."

On Friday evening Joe and Bob settled down in the living room to watch television while Anna and I washed the dishes.

"My, it won't be long now," said Anna, glancing at the calendar above the sink. "Just till Monday."

"I hate to see you go," I said. "I really do. Why don't you stay longer?"

"Not this time, Harry. We want to spend a month in Los Angeles and then drive back to Deep River before the real hot weather sets in. Joe has some property he has to look after."

The television show was loud; Anna went over and shut the kitchen door.

"But Joe and I'll both feel better now that we've seen how nice you and Bob are fixed. We got sort of worried about him. But he's sure fond of you. In all his letters Harry this and Harry that. I guess it was through you he got his job, wasn't it?"

"Oh no, not especially. I just happened to know someone."

"Well, it was mighty lucky for him. Bob's not the pushing type,

never was. I remember when he was a little fellow it was the same. He needs someone, I guess someone older than him to sort of lean on."

"He's doing well at his job," I said. "It's a good company and they like him."

"Oh, he'll work hard all right. No one can ever say Bob's lazy. I didn't mean that. It's just--well--" she spoke looking down at the dishpan full of soapy water--"it's just that I've always been afraid Bob would have a hard time. I guess I know him pretty well. I've always thought about the boy a lot. I guess I understand him, maybe better than Joe does. You know how it is. Joe wanted him to be this or that. Take over the hardware store. Go hunting. I don't know what all. But I said to him 'For landsakes, Joe, leave him alone. If the boy doesn't want to go into the store, why should he? He's got his own life to lead. Your Pa wanted you to be a farmer and what did you do? Ran away and joined the Navy!' There's one thing about Bob. Once he gets an idea into his head there's no stopping him. As soon as he came back from the war, I knew he wouldn't stay in Deep River."

She was standing plates one after the other in the rack and I was wiping them dry.

"I feel I've come to know you too, Harry, since we've been here. I think you understand Bob and I know you're fond of him."

"Yes," I said.

"I think I know how you feel about him. I've seen it in a hundred little ways. Like last Sunday with that fellow, Hugh. Shucks, you didn't have to worry about him. My land, no. He was just a nobody.

Why, Bob wouldn't look twice at him. Bob was just interested, that's all. His curiosity was sort of piqued."

I kept on mechanically wiping dishes.

"There was a high-school teacher in Deep River. He and his sister lived together for years and I got to know his sister real well. We used to talk, his sister and I, I mean, and I got so I understood him. I always say the Lord makes everybody the way he wants them to be and it's not for us to judge. He was a nice man too. But I guess he was pretty lonesome in Deep River. That was one reason I didn't want Bob to stay there. You know what folks in small towns are like."

"Yes," I said.

"I've never talked like this to Joe. You know how men are. Maybe he wouldn't understand. He just thinks the world and all of Bob and I wouldn't want to say anything to upset him. He and Bob have always been pals. I guess if he thought Bob was—well—sort of different, well, I don't know."

She was swabbing off the sink.

"One thing I've thought," she said, looking at me, "was maybe Bob would like to know I understand."

"I think he might," I said.

"I don't think I could ever talk to him and it wouldn't be good for him to know while I was here. It might embarrass him. But maybe after we've left you'll find some way."

"I think I could find a way."

"Because I want him to know we're behind him a hundred per cent no matter what happens. He's just about everything to us."

"He is to me too," I said.

She dried her hands.

"Well, I'm glad we're going to Randy's on Saturday. We'll have fun. And then, after we've gone to L. A., you think it over and do as you like. You'll find a way."

I followed her to the door. I'd find a way all right, but I'd have to be careful, because Bob was difficult at times. I remembered how once a boy had stopped seeing me after he found out his mother had written me a long letter approving of our friendship. Perhaps this would be different. Already, I felt much better. For several days now my shoulder had not been aching. Anna and I, quietly, entered the living room, where the television screen was blinking, splotching, and croaking.

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THE FEMININE VIEWPOINT

by and about women



An Incident

by Diana Sterling



Jan tossed her coat over the straight-back chair. Without taking the time to look through her mail she switched on the floor lamp above the phone; squatted Indian fashion on the green carpeted floor and balanced the phone between her crossed legs. She sported the functioning half of the telephone between shoulder and ear. "I'll give Phyl a ring. Maybe she can keep me company till Dellie gets in." But the thought hardly had time to scamper across her mind when she put the phone down abruptly.

Phyllis was certain to be in her apartment, and the invitation almost certain to be accepted. Still. . . it might not. And it was just this doubt that made the inviting desirable.

Phyllis had lately become a friendly part of their household;

animated the place while Dellie went into one of her books, "keeping up with the market," Dellie would say, "an effort to know what I'm selling in my shop." Jan smiled to think of Dellie tucked comfortably in her easy-chair, rimmed reading glasses framing her eyes, while she and Phyllis played cards on the floor. Their hands touched sometimes; sometimes, eyes. "Only last nite. . ." Jan picked up the phone again. "What harm would there be if I called? This place is so quiet it gives me the creeps. Too early for quiet. What harm if I had company till Dellie got home?" The phone was replaced by the time the last phrase of that thought was half formed.

Radio music came quietly from Mr. Jamison's apartment next door; a motorcycle churred by. Farther

away, a train passed; a pinpoint of sound. Yet, despite the outside noises, Jan heard the small tick of the clock on the mantle: the high-heel click of it, putting the propinquity of their home strangely into focus. But her body was not juxtaposed to this focus. The clocks in the ticking mechanism that were herself were not geared to this security. And, instead of the quiet soothing, it seemed a complete antithesis to her feelings and an outburst loomed imminent.

"To invite Phyllis is the only solution." The idea seemed a rationalizing tho, like the alcoholic perhaps who feels the first drink will calm him and knows it will not. With this thought scarcely more than a feeling, cold sparks of sweat burst out on her face, indicative of an inner fire. Lifting the phone from between her crossed legs, Jan placed it with a clatter to her side. Without the support of hands she sprang to her feet; began pacing the square room. The idea of not telling Dellie crossed her mind while the idea of telling her crossed it again, forming a confusion of cancellations. Both ideas when considered each by itself seemed so positive and right. It was a matter of, one. . . I will—and—two. . . I won't. During this dilemma Jan did not for a moment concede that here she was entertaining betrayal of her relationship to Dellie. The guilt and the desire shared an intimacy which was, she could not think to admit, a devastating union. While eyeing the phone like another accomplice, Dellie came in.

"Can hardly take those stairs anymore," she said.

Jan jumped as tho she'd been caught stealing. "Why didn't you take the elevator?" she said quickly.

"Goes too slow," Dellie smiled. "Besides I knew you'd be home early from rehearsals and. . ." She slipped off her coat, letting it fall to the sofa.

"You're home early too. How come?"

"That's what I'm trying to tell you. It's our anniversary and I closed shop early to get home. Get dressed, Jan, we're having dinner out for once." Dellie flipped through the mail. "What's this? A letter from Phyllis? To you, Jan. Why didn't you open it?"

"Give it here," Jan said. "Let me see that." Jan split open one end of the envelope quickly when it was handed her, and drew out the letter. Then, slower, "Come here, Dellie, I want you to read this with me."

"Jan, my darling," Jan read aloud when Dellie was seated beside her. She turned to Dellie and faced her with a look of surprise that made her frown comical. Then she leaned over closer to Dellie so that reading aloud was not necessary. "I've been wondering when you were going to come to your senses," the letter read. "I don't want us to be cruel to Dellie, you understand that. . . but I just knew from the beginning that you were for me. Now I'm sure you know that too. God knows I've done everything in order to convince you. Will be waiting for your call, dearest. With all of my love, Your Love." She left no signature.

"Well, what do you think of that," Jan said, the words cushioned softly in the tone of disbelief.

"Didn't you know what she was up to?" Dellie said.

"Well I. . . Frankly, no. I. . . I almost fell for it, Dellie,"

Jan said. "To think, I almost fell for it. Did you know what she was doing, Dellie?"

"Yes."

"Then why didn't you tell me?"

"Because, until you found out for yourself, you'd never know what you were doing."

"In our way of life, Jan, it's harder—harder because it's easier. What I mean to say is, it's harder to follow what you know is right because it's easier not to. That doesn't make sense yet? Well this then. . . the woman who makes her home with a man has rules to follow—rules long steeped in tradition. She can't be seen with another man without fear of being judged, and other dangers more intimate, perhaps." Dellie got up from the sofa, got a cigarette from the box on the mantle and came back to Jan without sitting down again.

"With us it's different," she said. "These dangers don't face us. By our own standards we face these problems. It's our own principles, our morals we must adhere to—but, and this is the test," she pointed the unlighted cigarette at Jan, "they must be tried and true; not just an expedient for convenience, not just a chance for momentary pleasures."

"Yah," Jan made the only disgusted sound she knew, struck a match on the box and held it up so that Dellie absently leaned forward to light her cigarette.

"In our union we must be stronger because we're weaker," Dellie watched Jan shake the match till it was out. "Another ambiguous statement? Maybe. But don't ever forget that we're not bound by certificates and licenses and ceremonies and what-have-yous."

We're really quite free, Jan. We've got to learn to harness this freedom so it won't carry us away, like too many of our kind."

"Free? Easy?" There was a slight sway to the words as Jan spoke them as tho she were not quite sure she intended them as questions. "You think hiding to keep your love from the condemnation of the world is easy? You call it free?"

"Hiding?" Dellie repeated. "Not flourishing is better put. Leave the hypocrite in his cave of self-righteousness and the bookish to his tower, but only your conscience can keep you free, Jan; believe me, all else is subordinate."

"Dellie, you're simply too much." Jan surrounded the statement with little bubbles of chuckling. "I suppose one could take that and carry on an endless diatribe of the whys and wherefores but to hell with words. Tell me something, Dellie," Jan said teasingly, "why did you come home early?"

"I told you," Dellie picked up her coat from the sofa, "it's our anniversary," she smiled, breaking the statement, "and I want us to have **another** one. And stop peeking out at me from behind those eyes!"

"Oh, darling," Jan said, the words wavering on the tight rope of emotions, "let's not go out to eat. We'll have dinner right here. Please, Dellie, let me make the dinner for us tonight. Something special," she said, "for us."

Jan was aware suddenly of the comfortable purr of their refrigerator in the kitchen. A laughing couple were going by in the hall outside, their hollow footsteps marching by, but Jan didn't hear them.

something new in SAN FRANCISCO



A small magazine called THE LADDER is being circulated and read by the Staff of ONE. The first issue did not indicate any particular month on the cover but was appropriately designated "1st Rung." The magazine is published by and for the Daughters of Bilitis, a San Francisco organization. This organization, dedicated solely to the problems and understanding of the Lesbian, is the first of its kind. THE LADDER is the first magazine widely distributed, devoted to the female homosexual. VICE VERSA, a magazine now defunct (individually typed and individually distributed) can be considered THE LADDER's only predecessor in the entire world.

ONE Magazine welcomes this sister in the field. May it have more rungs than we can climb in our day. To each and every reader we recommend support of THE LADDER. Both male and female homosexuals and heterosexuals who are building a library on the theme will not want to be without this new publication.

The first issue, October 1956, clearly states the purposes of the Daughters of Bilitis. We print herewith a skeletal portion of those aims and purposes:

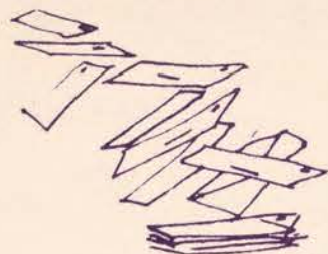
1. Education of the variant . . . including the sponsoring of public discussions, etc.
2. Education of the public . . . with public discussion meetings; also the dissemination of educational literature on the homosexual theme.
3. Participation in research projects, etc.
4. Investigation of the penal code as it pertains to the homosexual, proposal of changes to provide an equitable handling of cases involving this minority group, and promotion of these changes through due process of law in the state legislatures.

It is apparent in the reading of the first two issues of THE LADDER that their aims and purposes come evidently from adjusted Lesbians and by that alone the project cannot have a better recommendation.

In order to learn more of the Daughters of Bilitis and THE LADDER, write:

D. GRIFFIN, President
Daughters of Bilitis
Post Office Box 2183
San Francisco 26, Calif.

LETTERS



The views expressed here are those of the writers. ONE's readers cover a wide range of geographical, economic, age, and educational status. This department aims to express this diversity.

Editors:

I have read your Volume II from cover to cover and reread much of it. Out of the sweat and tears, heartbreak and backache that have gone into this magazine you have the satisfaction of knowing that you have produced a real work of art in spite of more difficult and irrational opposition than any publisher ever faced. . . (re: post-office case). This appeal must be carried on to the U. S. Supreme Court if necessary to victory. Too many cases have been won by the censors in the post office simply because the victims would not or could not fight back thru the courts.

Mr. A.
WASHINGTON, D.C.

Editors:

As to **Homosexuality: A Brake on Overpopulation**—I take that with a grain of salt. True, the basic assumption is generally sound. However, the clue to the situation comes in the phrase "as its value becomes better understood." To me, at least, a basis for conflict against homosexuality is understanding. Until I understood homosexuality, its causes and its benefits, I could not fully understand and accept myself.

Mr. D.
DALLAS, TEXAS

Editors:

I have read your April-May edition with much interest. . . and while I find the article **Homosexuality: A Brake on Overpopulation** factual but uninteresting and that on Biology interesting, factual but insignificant. . . the initiative is marvelous.

Mr. P.
MONTREAL, CANADA

Dear Editors:

One is more than a magazine to me. It's a vehicle through which communion is made with thousands of brothers whose outlook, ideals, problems, etc. are my own. It is one of several important links with the world of our minority without which I would feel very parochial, not to say isolated.

Among your other fine pieces, Winslow's **Inquisition** aimed right between the eyes. It rang so absolutely true that I would call it fiction in name only. Every bitter word of it sank home the awful ordeal of "guilt by association." The International pieces were wonderful too, giving us a small glimpse of our fraternity in cultures radically different from ours.

Mr. R.
WILLIAMSBURG, VIRGINIA

Dear Friends:

Hurry, hurry, hurry. Give us more by the author of **The Winner** . . .and checking back magazines I find book reviews, articles and now fiction. . .who IS this Marlin Prentiss?

Miss J.
DENVER, COLORADO

Editors:

I would like to see the magazine centered more on help for the invert rather than reasoning directed to

tion," which brought with it a tendency to misunderstand the nature of Love and Sin. If one fails to understand that Sin is a matter of will and not of nature or of act, then of course, he may reject the homosexual in spite of the fact that no act of the will caused that psycho-sexual orientation.

It is a fact, and a regrettable one, that homosexuals by the hundreds have sought aid in the churches and been turned away. It is also a fact, unfortunately less well known, that many homosexuals have been and are being helped to the

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advance reviews of pictures?

Miss D.
ALMA, MICHIGAN

Editors:

Although, with Derrick Bailey, I think the Church has never intended to reject the homosexual, I suspect that whatever enlightenment may have come to us as a result of Biblical scholarship and tended to break down the "Sodom-prejudice" has also been to some degree counteracted by the Protestant "Reforma-

people sometimes and write to please ourselves. Your book news and reviews too are very welcome and help me in my purchases from "over there". . .I hope you won't consider it presumptuous that a **foreign** subscriber should air his views on **One**.

Mr. P.
LONDON, ENGLAND

EDITOR'S NOTE: You live in a different land, yes, but to **ONE** no one is "foreign." Welcome.

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Mr. C.
KANSAS CITY, KANSAS

EDITOR'S NOTE: ONE shares your views and would welcome articles on self-help for the invert—we print them when we receive them. In the meantime, if we can manage to reach the general public through reason and logic are we not helping our minority in that way?

Editors:

I enjoyed Mr. Hannum's article **On Trial** . . .since you are so close to Hollywood and the picture industry wouldn't it be possible to give us **advance** reviews of pictures?

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It is a fact, and a regrettable one, that homosexuals by the hundreds have sought aid in the churches and been turned away. It is also a fact, unfortunately less well known, that many homosexuals have been and are being helped to the opportunity to love, to know love, and to find peace in the context of the Christian Community.

I appreciate your magazine. . . . Most of all I appreciate what you are trying to do.

Reverend R.
OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.

Editors:

I especially enjoy reading your short-stories, and your articles in a less intense vein, such as your recent **International series** . . .in some issues the militant, crusading spirit is a little too pronounced; let's forget the **other** people sometimes and write to please ourselves. Your book news and reviews too are very welcome and help me in my purchases from "over there". . .I hope you won't consider it presumptuous that a **foreign** subscriber should air his views on **One**.

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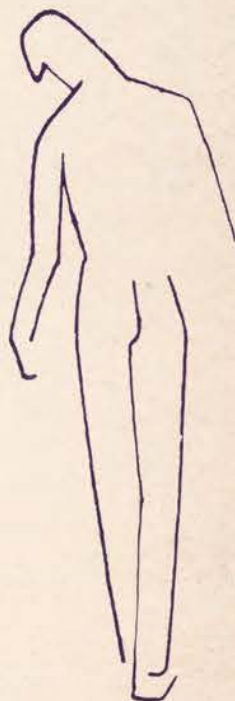
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